

# P O E M S

UPON

Various Occasions.

Written for the Entertainment

OF THE

AUTHOR,

And Printed for the Amusement

Of a few

FRIENDS,

Prejudic'd in his Favour.

---

BY

WILLIAM SHENSTONE, Gent.

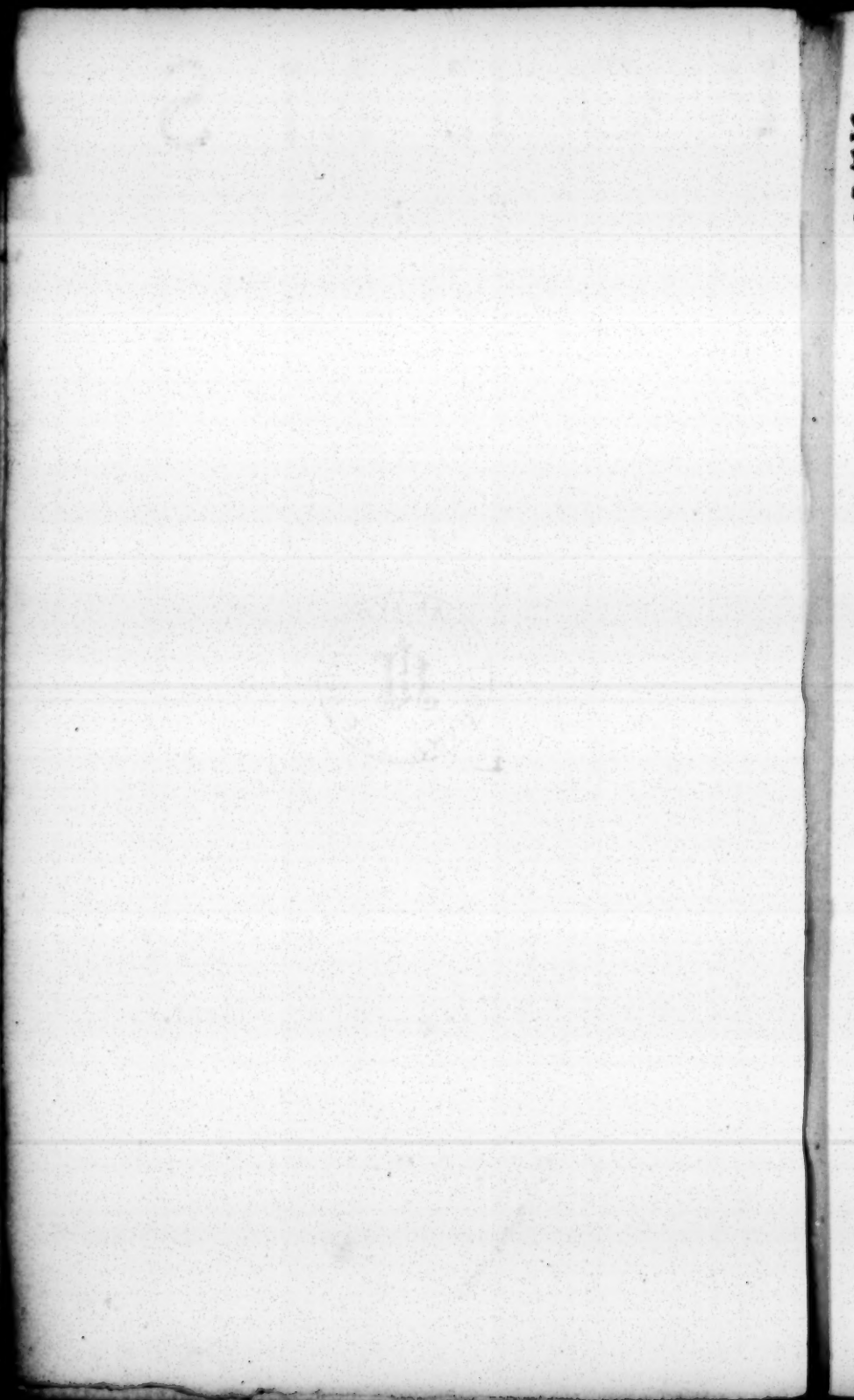
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*---Spes & Fortuna, valete!*

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OXFORD:

Printed by Low Litchfield near Ball-Gate, 1737.





PREFATORY DEDICATION,  
TO  
*Mrs* —————

**D**edications, *Madam*, ought in Policy to be address'd to the most powerful, and in Justice to the most deserving. These I think I have united by applying to You in this Manner, who have gain'd the former of these Advantages by means of the latter. Accomplishments like Your's give the most absolute Authority of any: I mean that over the Judgments, as well as Hearts of Mankind.

I intended here, *Madam*, after the Manner of other well-meaning Dedicators, to have given some Sketches of Your Character. Not so much from the Ostentation of my Art in describing, as of the peculiar Diligence I have used in observing it. An indifferent Painter may trace some Features of his Sov'reign's Face, whose Loyalty has render'd him accurate in studying the Original--- Besides, 'Twere

hard a Lady of Your Perfections shou'd be the only one exempted from the Pleasure of being acquainted with 'em. 'Tis true, You have a quick Eye, and penetrating Judgment in distinguishing both natural, and moral Beauties: But You must inevitably remain a Stranger to the greatest, were it not for the Assistance of those important Utensils, a Poet and a Looking-Glass.

'Twere dangerous indeed You might suffer by any Representation I am capable of. But 'twas not Incapacity alone discourag'd me. There is something in Your Character vastly disadvantageous to any that attempts it. To proclaim You possess'd of every imaginable good Quality, wou'd be saying it was Day, when the Sun shines in its Meridian. As for Your Faults, (if You have any,) they indeed are far enough from being liable to the former Exception: but the extreme Difficulty I shou'd have found in selecting a few minute ones, (And some I must have selected, if possible, as the Shades of my *Piece*;) together with the small Share of Credit I shou'd have gain'd in the World, dis-hearten'd me. Such indeed were my only Objections. Unless I may adjoin this, that to Strangers your real and genuine Character must have

pass'd



Prefatory DEDICATION.

pass'd for Flattery. I say to Strangers, for, where you are known, You must be acknowledg'd incapable of it: As the Sun's Brightness can be set off by no Allusion. Hence, in short, I laid aside all thoughts of a Portraiture. Those, that wou'd love You as You deserve, must know You; as necessarily, as those, who know You, must consequently love You.

As to the Poetry, I beg Leave to declare, that 'tis the Product of a young Genius, little exercis'd in Versification. And the Muses, you know, *Madam*, are not like a great many of their Sex, that have the most Esteem for those, who neglect them; tho' they have had sometimes, in Appearance. *Horace*, and *Swift* (whom to you I wou'd chuse to mention) have attended them whole Mornings at their *Toilette*, that they might conduct them into the World, in a more agreeable Undress. But my Negligences, *Madam*, are of such a Nature, that I must beg you'd impute them to Disuse and Inexperience. However, by this Confession, I may probably put you in Mind of a Lady, who, having thrum'd over a Spinner for a considerable Space, without the least shew of Harmony, took much pains to prove she had never play'd before. 'Tis with an

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Author much the same as with a Sportsman ; *Hippolitus* may excuse his Ill-success to himself, and, perhaps justly alledge several alleviating Circumstances ; But in vain may he attempt his vindication to the World. That has been so frequently deluded by these Apologies, that it has made it a Rule to fix the Fault upon the Marksman.

I indeed ever despair'd of affording much entertainment this way to a Lady of your refin'd Taste : And I'm positive, that Indolence, has with me prov'd, and always will do, more than a Ballance to any other Ambition. This is my only Encouragement, that, as one almost insensibly conforms to a taste one very much admires, I can't but think these Trifles won't prove absolutely disagreeable to Your's.

You'll perhaps find other Names in these Pages, than that, which includes all that's agreeable, and is indeed the most comprehensive word that is ; I mean your own. But as there is something mean in an aversion to the Praises of another, or a continual Apprehension of being rival'd, which I take to be it's original ; I'm secure of giving You no uneasiness. Especially, since a Lady of Your Merit may give all others infinitely more than their due, without the least Shadow of Danger.

*Prefatory DEDICATION.*      vii

I ask Pardon for the Pedantry of Latin Mottoes and Quotations: But You may easily dispense with the loss of them, whether You consider them, merely as a Compliance with custom, or as certain scraps of Antiquity, to indemnify the Poet with those Critic's, who approve only what's ancient. As there are some, who fix a tutelary Piece of Iron on their Thresholds, to elude the Fury of Ill-designing *Spirits*.

Next to the happiness of being possess'd of Merit, is to shew one's Approbation of those who are; And this is really no small addition to a Man's Character. So that, shou'd these Papers appear ever so ridiculous, I shall value them on *one* Account; And shou'd their Fame prove equal to Mr. Pope's, I shou'd value them on none so much as *that*; which is, that they enable me to declare openly how much I am,

MADAM,

*Your most Obedient*

*Humble Servant,*

*Pembroke College,  
OXFORD,  
April 29<sup>th</sup>, 1737.*



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For

Sp



# P O E M S

Upon

Various OCCASIONS.

---

The Speeches of *SLOTH* and *VIRTUE* :  
Upon the Plan of *Xenophon's Judgment*  
of *Hercules*.

## *SLOTH.*



ITHER, dear Boy, direct thy wan-  
dring Eyes,

'Tis here the lovely Vale of Plea-  
sure lies.

Debate no more --- to me thy self resign ;

Her mossy Caves, her Groves, and all are mine.

For me the Goddess opes her various Pow'r,

Springs in a Tree, or blossoms in a Flow'r :

B

To



## 2 POEMS on various Occasions.

To please my Ear she breaths celestial Strains :  
To please my Eye, with Lillies strews the Plains:  
To form my Couch in mossy Beds she grows:  
To gratify my Smell she blooms a Rose.  
Oft' in some Nymph the Deity I find,  
Where in one Form the various Sweets are join'd.  
Yield but to me, --- a Choir of Nymphs shall rise,  
And with the blooming Sight regale thy Eyes :  
Their beauteous Cheeks a fairer Rose shall wear,  
A brighter Lilly in their Necks appear :  
Thou on their Breasts thy wearied Head recline,  
Nor at the Swan's less pleasing Nest repine :  
Whilst *Philomel* in each soft Voice complains,  
And gently lulls thee with her dying Strains :  
Whilst spicy Gums round each fair Bosom glow ;  
And in each Accent myrrhy Odours flow.

For thee with softest Art the Dome shall rise,  
And spiring Turrets glitter thro' the Skies.  
For thee the Robe shall glow with purple Rays ;  
The Side-board sparkle, and gilt Chariot blaze.  
In brilliant Mines, be other Hands employ'd,  
So the gay Product be by thine enjoy'd.  
For thee the Poplar shall her Amber drain :  
For thee in clouded Beauty spring the Cane.

To

POEMS on various Occasions: 3

To please thy Taste shall *Gallia* prune the Vine :  
To swell thy Treasures *India* sink the Mine.  
For thee each Nations nicer Stores shall grow,  
And ev'ry Wind some lovely Tribute blow.

Learning shall ne'er molest thy tranquil Reign,  
Nor Science puzzle thy inactive Brain :  
Sometimes perhaps thy Fancy take her Wing  
To grace a Fan, or celebrate a Ring :  
Fix various Dyes to suit each varying Mien :  
Prescribe where Patches shou'd in Crouds be seen ;  
Or sigh soft Strains along the vocal Grove,  
And tell the Charms, the sweet Effects of Love !

Or if more specious Ease thy Care shou'd claim,  
And thy Breast glow with faint Desire of Fame,  
Some trivial Science shall thy Thoughts amuse ;  
And Learning's Name a solemn Sound diffuse.  
To Thee all Nature's shelly Store I'll bring,  
To thee the Sparklings on the Insect's Wing.  
Pleasure in infant Forms shalt thou descry ;  
View, in an Ant, or hear her in a Fly ;  
When near thy Path, as oft as Spring appears,  
The sportive Goddess buzzes round thy Ears :  
Now in some Pebble's curious Vein is seen,  
Or on some Leaf bestows unusual Green.

## 4 POEMS on various Occasions.

Then Sleep shall wrap thee in her downy Arms,  
And round thy weary'd Head diffuse her Charms;  
Lest growing Pride thy peaceful Schemes o'erthrow,  
And Thought succeed, --- my most destructive Foe.  
The watry Nymphs shall tune the tinkling Vales,  
And gentle Zephyrs harmonize their Gales:  
For thy repose instruct, with Rival Joy,  
Their Streams to murmur, and their Winds to sigh.

Thus shalt thou spend the sweetly-flowing Day,  
Till lost in Bliss thou breath thy Soul away:  
How easy a Transition should'st thou find,  
Were to thy Fate Annihilation join'd!

## VIRTUE.

**F**LY, fly, fond Youth, the too indulgent Maid,  
Nor err, by such fantastick Scenes betray'd.  
Tho' in my Path the prickly Thorn be seen,  
And the waste Turf produce a fainter Green;  
Tho' no gay Rose, or purple Product shine,  
The rugged Surface still conceals the Mine;  
And each unsightly Object can supply  
More lasting Pleasure, more substantial Joy.

But

POEMS on various Occasions. 5

But shou'd those airy glitt'ring Toys allure,  
Yet whence cou'd *Sloth* the mighty Boon procure?  
Or whence receive, or how those Gifts bestow,  
Which I alone possess --- her greatest Foe?  
I from old Ocean rob the treasur'd Store,  
And hidden Gems thro' ev'ry Realm explore:  
'Twas I the rugged Brilliant first reveal'd,  
By tenfold Strata in the Earth conceal'd;  
'Tis I the shapeless Surface still refine,  
And teach the rugged Brilliant how to shine.  
Where blooms the Rose, where spires the shapely Tree,  
Where smiles the Grape, without fair Industry?

But grant we *Sloth* the Scene herself has drawn,  
The mossy Grotto, and the flow'ry Lawn:  
Let Frankincense with ev'ry Wind exhale,  
And *Philomela* breath in ev'ry Gale:  
Let Brilliants sparkle, (dear Machines of Pride!)  
And from the Poplar flow the Amber Tide:  
Let gay *Pomona*, quitting all around,  
For choicest Fruits select the hallow'd Ground;  
To tread the favour'd Soil shou'd *Virtue* cease,  
Nor mossy Grotts, nor flow'ry Lawns cou'd please:

But

Nor

## 6 POEMS on various Occasions.

Nor ought *Pomona's* luscious Gifts avail:  
The Sound harmonious ; or the spicy Gale.

See'st thou those Rocks in dreadful Pomp arise,  
And barren Cliffs that sweep the vaulted Skies ?  
Those Fields whence *Phæbus* all their Moisture drains,  
And, too profusely kind, disrobes the Plains ?  
When I vouchsafe to tread the lonely Soil,  
Those Rocks seem lovely, and those Desarts smile ;  
Oft' on those pathless Wilds as I appear,  
(With Converse sweet his lonely Steps to chear)  
Those Cliffs the Exile has with Pleasure view'd,  
And call'd that Desart, " Blissful Solitude !

Known by its airy Height and tow'ring Spires,  
Behind that Scene *Fame's* lofty Dome retires.  
Steep the Ascent by which to Fame we rise,  
Yet equal to the Labour is the Prize :  
From thence you gain an earthly Crown ; from thence  
---you reach the Skies.

Far, far below the downy Throne is seen  
That lulls to Rest *Ignavia's* softer Queen :

Thence



## POEMS on various Occasions. 7

Thence to Fame's Turrets oft' She lifts her Eyes,  
Desirous still, still impotent to rise.  
Oft', when resolv'd to gain those shining Tow'rs,  
The pensive Queen the dire Ascent explores;  
Comes onward, wafted by the gummy Trees,  
Some Sylvan Musick, or some scented Breeze;  
She turns her Head; her own gay Realm she spies,  
And all the airy Resolution dies.

Thus still in vain these gilded Visions please  
The Wretch of Glory, whilst the Slave of Ease;  
Doom'd ever in ignoble State to pine,  
Boast her own Scenes, and languish after mine.



LOVE

## LOVE and MUSICK.

SHall *Love* alone for ever claim  
 An universal Right to Fame,  
 An undisputed Sway?  
 Or has not *Musick* equal Charms,  
 To fill the Breast with strange Alarms,  
 And make the World obey.

The *Thracian* Bard, as Poets tell,  
 Cou'd mitigate the Pow'rs of Hell;  
 Ev'n *Pluto's* nicer Ear:  
 His Arts, no more than *Love's*, we find  
 To Deities or Men confin'd,  
 Drew Brutes in Crouds to hear.

Whatever fav'rite Passion reign'd,  
 The Poet still his Right maintain'd  
 O'er all that rang'd the Plain:  
 The fiercer Tyrants cou'd assuage,  
 Or fire the tim'rous into Rage,  
 Whene'er he chang'd the Strain.

POEMS on various Occasions. 9

In milder Lays the Bard began;  
Soft Notes thro' every Finger ran,  
And echoing charm'd the place :  
See! fawning Lions gaze around,  
And, taught to quit their savage Sound,  
Assume a gentler Grace.

When *Cymon* view'd the fair One's Charms,  
Her ruby Lips, and snowy Arms,  
And told her Beauties o'er :  
When *Love* reform'd his awkward Tone,  
And made each clownish Gesture known,  
It shew'd but equal Pow'r.

The Bard now tries a sprightlier sound,  
When all the feather'd Race around  
Perceive the vary'd Strains :  
The soaring Lark the Note pursues;  
The tim'rous Dove around him cooes,  
And *Philomel* complains.

An equal Pow'r of *Love* I've seen  
Incite the Deer to scour the Green,  
And chase his *barking* Foe.

10 POEMS on various Occasions.

Sometimes has *Love*, with greater might,  
To challenge -- nay -- sometimes -- to fight  
Provok'd th' enamour'd Beau.

When *Silvia* treads the smiling Plain,  
How glows the Heart of ev'ry Swain.  
By pleasing Tumults tost!  
When *Handel's* solemn Accents roll,  
Each Breast is fir'd, each raptur'd Soul  
In sweet Confusion lost.

If she her melting Glances dart,  
Or he his dying Airs impart,  
Our Spirits sink away.  
Enough, enough! dear Nymph, give o'er;  
And thou, great Artist! urge no more  
Thy unresisted Sway.

Thus Love or Sound affects the Mind:  
But when their various Pow'rs are join'd,  
Fly, daring Mortal, fly!  
For when *Selinda's* Charms appear,  
And I her tuneful Accents hear ---  
I burn, I faint, I die!

COLEMIRA.  
A Culinary ECLOGUE.

*Nec tantum Veneris, quantum studiosa culinae.*

Night's sable Clouds had half the Globe o'er-  
spread,

And Silence reign'd, and Folks were gone to Bed :  
When Love, which gentle Sleep can ne'er inspire,  
Had seated *Damon* by the Kitchen Fire.

Pensive he lay, extended on the Ground ;  
The little *Lares* kept their Vigils round ;  
The fawning Cats compassionate his case,  
And purr around, and gently lick his Face :  
To all his 'plaints the sleeping Curs reply,  
And with hoarse Snorings imitate a Sigh.  
Such gloomy Scenes with Lover's Minds agree,  
And Solitude to them is best Society.

Cou'd I (he cry'd) express, how bright a grace  
Adorns thy morning Hands, and well-wash'd Face ;  
Thou wou'dst, *Colemira*, grant what I implore,  
And yield me love, or wash thy Face no more.

C 2

Ah!



## 12 POEMS on various Occasions.

Ah! who can see, and seeing, not admire,  
Whene'er she sets the Pot upon the Fire!  
Her Hands out-shine the Fire, and redder things;  
Her Eyes are blacker than the Pot she brings.

But sure no Chamber-damsel can compare,  
When in meridian Lustre shines my Fair,  
When warm'd with Dinner's toil, in pearly rills,  
Adown her goodly Cheek the Sweat distills.

Oh! how I long, how ardently desire,  
To view those rosy Fingers strike the Lyre!  
For late, when Bees to change their Climes began,  
How did I see 'em thrum the Frying-pan!

With her! I shou'd not envy G—— his Queen,  
Tho' She in royal Grandeur deck'd be seen:  
Whilst Rags, just sever'd from my Fair-one's Gown,  
In russet Pomp, and greasy Pride hang down.

Ah! how it does my drooping Heart rejoice,  
When in the Hall I hear thy mellow Voice!  
How wou'd that Voice exceed the Village-Bell,  
Wou'dst thou but sing, "*I like thee Passing well*"!

When

## POEMS on various Occasions. 13

When from the Hearth she bade the *Pointers* go,  
How soft! how easy did her Accents flow!  
“Get out, she cry’d, when Strangers come to Sup,  
“One ne’er can raise those snoring Devils up.”

Then, full of wrath, she kick’d each lazy Brute,  
Alas! I envy’d even that Salute:  
’Twas sure misplac’d, ---*Shock* said, or seem’d to say,  
He had as lief, I had the kick, as they.

If she the mystick Bellows take in hand,  
Who like the Fair can that Machine command?  
O mayst thou ne’er by *Eolus* be seen,  
For he wou’d sure demand thee for his Queen.

But shou’d the Flame this rougher aid refuse,  
And only gentler Med’cines be of use:  
With full-blown Cheeks she ends the doubtful strife,  
Foments the infant Flame, and puffs it into life.

Such Arts, as these, exalt the drooping Fire,  
But in my Breast a fiercer Flame inspire:  
I burn! I burn! O! give thy puffing o’er,  
And swell thy Cheeks, and pout thy Lips no more.

With

## 14 POEMS on various Occasions.

With all her haughty Looks, the time I've seen;  
When this proud Damsel has more humble been,  
When with nice Airs she hoist the Pan-cake round,  
And dropt it, hapless Fair! upon the Ground.

Look, with what charming grace! what winning  
tricks!

The artful Charmer rubs the Candlesticks:  
So bright she makes the Candlesticks she handles,  
Oft have I said, --- There were no need of Candles.

But thou, my Fair! who never wou'dst approve  
Or hear, the tender Story of my love;  
Or mind, how burns my raging Breast,---a Button--  
Perhaps art dreaming of --- a Breast of Mutton.

Thus said, and wept the sad desponding Swain,  
Revealing to the sable Walls his Pain:  
But Nymphs are free with those they shou'd deny;  
To those, they love, more exquisitely coy!

Now chirping Crickets raise their tinkling Voice,  
The lambent Flames in languid Streams arise,  
And Smoke in azure Folds evaporates and dies.

## COMPARISON.

'TIS by *Comparison* we know  
 On ev'ry Object to bestow  
 Its proper share of Praise:  
 Did each a like Perfection bear,  
 What *Beauty*, tho' divinely Fair,  
 Cou'd *Admiration* raise?

Amidst the lucid Bands of Night,  
 See! *Hesperus*, serenely bright  
 Adorns the distant Skies:  
 But languishes, amidst the blaze,  
 Of sprightly *Sol's* meridian Rays, —  
 Or *Silvia's* brighter Eyes.

Whene'er the Nightingale complains,  
 I like the melancholy Strains,  
 And praise the tuneful Bird:  
 But vainly might she strain her Throat,  
 Vainly exalt each swelling Note,  
 Shou'd *Silvia's* Voice be heard.

When,

16 POEMS on various Occasions.

When, on the Vi'lets purple Bed,  
Supine I rest my weary Head,  
The fragrant Pillow charms :  
Yet soon such languid Bliss I'd fly,  
Wou'd *Silvia* but the Loss supply,  
And take me to her Arms.

The Alabaſter's wond'rous White,  
The Marble's Poliſh ſtrikes my Sight,  
When *Silvia* is not ſeen :  
But ah ! how faint that White is grown,  
How rough appears the poliſh'd Stone,  
Compar'd with *Silvia's* Mien !

The Roſe, that o'er the *Cyprian* Plains,  
With Flow'rs enamel'd, blooming reigns,  
With undisputed Pow'r,  
Plac'd near her Cheek's celeftial Red,  
(Its Purple loſt, its Luſtre fled,)  
Delights the Senſe no more.



The



# The SCHOOL-MISTRESS.

## A P O E M.

In Imitation of *Spencer's* Stile.

**I**N evrich Mart that stands on *British* Ground,  
In evrich Village less y-known to Fame,  
Dwells there, in Cot uncouth, a far renown'd,  
A Matron old, whom we *School-Mistress* name ;  
Who wont unruly Brats with Birch to tame :  
They griev'd sore in Durance vile y-pent,  
Aw'd by the Pow'r of uncontrouled Dame ;  
And oft-times on Vagaries idly bent  
For Task unconn'd, or unkempt Hair are sore  
y-shent.

### II.

Nar to this Dome is found a Patch so green,  
On which the Tribe their Gambols do display :  
Als at the Door impris'ning Board is seen ;  
Left weakly Wights of smaller size shou'd stray :  
Eager, perdie, to bask in sun-shine Day :  
The Noises intermix'd, which thence resound,  
Do Learning's little Tenement betray ;  
Where sits the Dame, disguis'd in Look profound,  
And eyes her fairy Throng, and turns her Wheel  
around.

D

Right

## 18 POEMS on various Occasions.

### III.

Right well knew She each Temper to descry,  
To thwart the proud, and the submits to raise :  
Some with vile copper Prize exalt on high,  
And some entice with Pittance small of Praise ;  
And other Sorts with baleful Spriggs affrays :  
Eke in her Absence She command doth hold,  
While with quaint Arts the thoughtless Croud she  
    sways ;  
Fore-warn'd if little Bird their Tricks behold,  
'Twill whisper in her Ear, and all the Scene unfold.

### IV.

Lo! now, with State, she utters the command.  
Eftsoons the Urchins to their Tasks repair ;  
Their Books of stature small take they in Hand,  
Which with pellucid Horn secured are,  
To save from Finger wet, the Letters fair :  
The Work so quaint, that on their Backs is seen,  
*St. George's* high Atchievements does declare ;  
On which thilk Wight that has y-gazing been  
Kens the forth-coming Rod , unpleasing Sight, I  
    ween !

But

V.

But ah ! what Pen his woful Plight can trace,  
Or what Device his loud Laments explain,  
The Form uncouth of his disguised Face,  
The pallid Hue that dyes his Looks amain,  
The plenteous Show'r that does his Check distain,  
When he in abject wise implores the Dame ;  
Ne hopeth ought of sweet Reprieve to gain :  
Or when from high she levels well her Aim,  
And thro' the Thatch his Cries each falling Stroke  
proclaim.

VI.

The other Tribe aghast, with sore dismay  
Attend, and conn their Tasks with mickle Care :  
By turns astonish'd evrich Twigg survey,  
And from their Fellows furrow'd Bum beware ;  
Knowing, I wist, how each the same may share :  
Till Fear has taught 'em a performance meet,  
And to the well-known Chest the Dame repair ;  
Whence oft with sugar'd Cates she doth 'em greet,  
And Ginger-bread y-rare, now, certes, doubly  
sweet.

20 POEMS on various Occasions.

VII.

Now to their Seats they hie with merry glee,  
And in befeemly order sitten there ;  
All but the Wight of Bum y-galled, he  
Abhors both Bench, and Stool, and Form, and Chair ;  
(This Hand in Mouth y-fix'd, that rends his Hair)  
And eke with Snubs profound, and heaving Breast,  
Convulsions intermitting ! does declare  
His grievous Wrongs, his Dame's unjust Behest,  
And scorns her proffer'd Love, and shuns to be  
carels t.

VIII.

Behind some Door, in melancholy Thought,  
Mindless of Food, he, dreary Caitiff ! pines,  
Ne for his Fellows joyance careth ought,  
But to the Winds all Merriment resigns.  
His Face besprent with liquid Chrystal shines ;  
And many a sullen Look askaunce is sent,  
Which for his Dame's Annoyance he designs ;  
Nathless the more to pleasure him she's bent,  
The more doth he perverse her 'Haviour past  
resent,

POEMS on various Occasions. 21

IX.

Al gates the rest from filk Misfortune free,  
Striv'n but as Nature doth abroad them call;  
Then squatten down with Hand beneath each Knee,  
Ne seeken out or secret Nook or Wall,  
But cack in open Street -- no Shame doth them appall.  
And may no Carl their Innocence deride,  
While they pass, boldly, in the face of all;  
Turning unaw'd their Vestments small aside,  
Ne covet Hedge, ne Barn their privy Parts to hide.

X.

But when the Hour of Pleasaunce draweth near,  
They usher forth all debonair and gay;  
And standing on the Green, with jocund Leer,  
Salute the Stranger passing on his Way.  
Some builden fragile tenements of Clay;  
Some to the standing Lake their Courses bend,  
With Pebbles smooth at *Duck and Drake* to play;  
Thilk to the Huxter's sav'ry Cot y-tend,  
In pastry *Kings* and *Queens* th' allotted Mite to spend.

XI.



## 22 POEMS on various Occasions.

### XI.

Here, as each Season yields a different store,  
Each Season's Stores in order ranged been;  
Apples with Cabbage-net y-cover'd o'er,  
Galling full sore th' unmoney'd Wight are seen,  
And Goose-b'rie clad in Liv'ry red, or green :  
And here of lovely Dye the Cath'rine Pear,  
Fine Pear ! as lovely for thy Juice, I ween.  
O ! may no Wight e'er pennyless come there,  
Left led by thee astray, he shameful Theft prepare.

### XII.

See ! Cherries here, e'er Cherries yet abound,  
With Thread so white in luscious Bundles ty'd,  
Scatter, like blooming Maid, their Glances round;  
And draw with pamper'd Look our Eyes aside:  
These must be bought tho' Penury betide;  
The Plum of purple Hue, the Nut so brown,  
Tempting the passing Swain: think Cakes beside,  
Whose much-lov'd Names th' Inventress City own,  
Rend'ring thro' Britain's Isle *Salopia's* Praises known.

The

*The QUILL.*

**R**Enown'd Machine! important Trifle!  
To whom each Art some Tribute owes,  
Who to the World thy Praise can flile?  
Or who without thy Aid disclose?

II.

How just *Thou* prov'st to injur'd Merit,  
When Courts neglect it, hence we find;  
Thro' *Thee* does *Pope* Fame's Hill inherit,  
And circling Bays his Temples bind.

III.

Yet are the dull, as well as brightest,  
Indebted to *Thy* various Use:  
When flatter'd Noble's Praise *Thou* writest,  
Or gayly deck'st *Thy* Parent Goose.

IV.

When *Peggy's* Cleanly Hand *Thou* gracest,  
The ill-plac'd *Web* *Thy* Presence flies;  
As *Thou* by *Young's* Direction chacest  
The mis-becoming Stains of Vice.

V.

24 POEMS on various Occasions.

V.

In *Chevy-chace*, so fam'd in Story,  
Thou taught'st th' unerring Shafts to fly ;  
When, fatal to the *Scotish* Glory,  
Thy Down imbib'd the purple Dye.

VI.

When *Chloe* form'd the Silken Flower,  
(Which, by Thy aid, the Artist drew ;)  
And felt the guilty Needle's Power,  
Such was her lovely Finger's Hue.

VII.

When hostile Rage, and Fury lingers,  
And Vengeance comes but slowly on ;  
Thou plac'd between *Machaon's* Fingers,  
Far, Far excell'st both Sword and Gun !

VIII.

While ev'ry grateful Tongue rehearſes,  
The Monarch's praise ; each rolling Year,  
How dext'rous Thou, in Squibs, or Verses,  
C — r, or *Black-shoe-boy* declare.

POEMS on various Occasions. 25

IX.

Unhappy Tooth *Thy* Aid requiring,  
    *Thou* can'st from Fragments vile refine;  
Then, from the gen'rous Work retiring,  
    Enjoy'st alone the Silver Shrine.

X.

*Kneller*, to distant Times and Places,  
    (While *Thou* confin'dst each stragling Hair,)  
Cou'd tell his Art, and *Myra's* Graces,  
    How skillful he, and she how fair.

XI.

In *Silvia's* Spinnet, ever-pleasing,  
    *Thy* tributary Aid is known:  
When, Poet's Harmony increasing,  
    His Fame *Thou* raisest, — and *Thy* own.

XII.

Potent, when *Handel's* Touch obeying,  
    *Thou* can'st to Heav'n exalt the Mind:  
Yet more, when, Charming *Silvia* playing,  
    In her alone an Heav'n we find!

26 POEMS on various Occasions.

--- *Alboque simillima cygno.*

**A**S *Delia*, lovely Syren! fate  
The myrtle Shades among;  
Regardless of a farther Fate  
Than what her killing Eyes create,  
*Philander* beg'd a Song.

Too well, alas! the *artful* knew  
He'd not his suit give o'er;  
And cry'd — "by walking in the Dew,"  
"I'm grown so hoarse" — "I vow 'tis true" —  
"Dear Swain, insist no more!" —

At length, to his renew'd Address  
She yields, yet vows again  
She scarce can draw her Breath, much less  
In modulated Thrills express,  
Or raise one pleasing Strain. —

Such-like Evasions store the Heart  
Of ev'ry tuneful She,  
That one, unvers'd in Female Art,  
Must think them going to impart  
Like Swans, their *Elegy*.

The



The GOSSIPING.

A BALLAD.

To the Tune of, *King John, and the Abbot of Canterbury.*

**T**O a Gossiping once the *Immortals* descended,  
(As some Sort of People are hugely befriended,  
ed.)

Where with stout humming Liquor the Tankards  
ran o'er,

And each thought he ne'er drank such *Nectar* before

*Derry down, down, Hey derry down.*

But what brought they with 'em, these Heavenly  
Guests?

Folks never go empty to such Sort of Feasts:

Why, they brought neither *Sugar*, nor *Plumbs* it is true.

But all made a Promise of what they *wou'd* do.

*Derry down, &c.*

*Jove* gave a Salute to the Mother and smil'd,

And said, he would prove a good Friend to the Child;

And wou'd make him one Day, at his Parents Desire.

Or a Lord of a Mannour, or Knight of a Shire.

*Derry down, &c.*

## 23 POEMS on various Occasions.

*Apollo* but cry'd, as the Bantling shou'd grow,  
He'd teach him a Tune on the Bag-pipes, or so:  
Or, if he shou'd chuse some Employment to kill,  
He'd shew him the best in the World --- with a Pill.

*Derry down, &c.*

*Diana* sat next to her Brother, in Place,  
And said, in her Woods he might follow the Chace:  
And if *Courfing* or such like, shou'd e'er be his Care;  
She, at one Minute's Warning, cou'd shew him an Hare.

*Derry down, &c.*

Then *Neptune* arose, and the Infant to bless,  
In all Sorts of Fishery, promis'd success:  
By the Rivers, or Ponds, let him go where he wou'd,  
With Rods, Lines, and so forth --- his Sport shou'd be good.

*Derry down, &c.*

God *Bacchus* succeeded, and hiccuping said,  
Of all jolly Topers he'd make him the Head:  
And when each other Toper lay low on the Ground,  
This Toper upright, on his Legs shou'd be found.

*Derry down, &c.*

*Mars* affirm'd with a Volley of Oaths, like a Hector,  
In all Sorts of Squabbles, he'd be his Protector:  
Nor shou'd he ever Sneak, or be any Man's Joke,  
For himself wou'd stand by him, --- and see his Head  
--- broke.

*Derry down, &c.*

At

## POEMS on various Occasions. 29

At this up-hop'd *Vulcan*, that sooty old Blinker,  
And swore, he cou'd furnish the Brat with a Tinker;  
Mend Kettles, and Pans-- or if that wou'd not do,  
He might call at his Shop, shou'd his Horse want  
a Shoe.

*Derry down, &c.*

Then *Venus* she promis'd to search the World round,  
And if ever a buxom Young Lass cou'd be found--  
Or. (she simper'd, and said,) If he wanted a whore,  
She'd be at his Service,-- she need not say more--

*Derry down, &c.*

Grim *Pluto* then whisper'd in the good-woman's Ear,  
So lowly he whisper'd, one scarcely cou'd hear:  
But it was, Sir, to give the Young stripling to know,  
He cou'd wink at a Fault, when he came down  
below.

*Derry down, &c.*

*Minerva, Proserpina, Juno*, and more,  
Who shou'd, (Criticks say) have been mention'd  
before,  
Were going to promise some good to the Child--  
But alas! and alack! all their Project was spoil'd--

*Derry down, &c.*

For the *Fates* being angry they were not invited,  
Took ill the Neglect, and resolv'd to require it:  
Let

30 POEMS on various Occasions.

Let us e'en cut the *Thread* in two, one of 'em cry'd,  
So the Bantling b — d him, b — t him, and dy'd.

*Derry down, &c.*

Let Parents, before they build vast Expectations,  
To see their Sons fill up high Places, and Stations,  
Be Rulers of Boroughs, or Rulers of States :

Get a Promise, or Note o' their Hands, from the  
*Fates.*

*Derry down, down, Hey derry down.*



STAN-

STANZA's

To the Memory of *W. G.*  
*Parish--Clerk,*

Who departed this Life &c. to the In-  
expressible Grief of his Admirers.

In Imitation of Maister *Sternhold.*

O Wight, that travell'st this Church-Yard !  
Mark what this Stone doth tell ;

And if thou but unletter'd art,  
Sit down awhile and spell.

II.

Thou art, God-wot, both brisk and strong,  
And think'st not yet to die.  
Lo! e'er Death laid me all along,  
Just such a one was I.

III.

Death makes the stoutest Mortal start,  
Few are courageous then :  
Yet, when I saw I must depart,  
I boldly cry'd, — *Amen.*

IV.



32 POEMS on various Occasions.

IV.

I wot not well, how others can,  
The Folk to Heaven bring;  
But well I trow, I was the Man,  
That led them in a String.

V.

I hawk'd, and hem'd, and sung and spit,  
And vex'd my Throat full sore:  
Some when I sung, were pleas'd at it,  
And some — when I gave o'er.

VI.

Certes, there are will hum a Tune,  
And sing a Song right well:  
Yet sure no Song was like my Psalm,  
No Musick like my Bell.

VII.

To praise the L---d did I abound,  
(So far, as *Sternhold* goes:)  
And, lest my Lips shou'd spoil the Sound,  
I prais'd him thro' my Nose.

POEMS on various Occasions. 33

VIII.

Tho' wicked Folk might laugh and sneer,  
And be to Mirth full prone ;  
Yet to the Saints it was right dear ;  
For why ? --- the Gospel tone.

IX.

But Death will not to Sound give Way,  
To Musick not incline :  
For, if he wou'd for any stay,  
He sure had stay'd for mine.

X.

Tho' now o'erwhelm'd with Mire and Clay,  
The Pit doth me retain ;  
Yet do I hope to see a Day  
Of getting up again.

XI.

Just so, when Folks at Church are found,  
(For this is good and wise)  
There is a Time to sit ye down,  
And eke a Time to rise.

34 POEMS on various Occasions.

XII.

And O! may ev'ry Reader kind  
Bestow one Tear, or Sigh;  
For sure 'twill touch him near, to find  
That *mortal* Man shou'd die.

XIII.

And die he must; 'tis vain to plead  
Wit, Scholarship, or Pride:  
Great *Sternhold*, *Hopkins*, all are fled!  
And I, their *Servant*, died!

*Memento mori.*



ANA-

ANACREONTICK.

*Io! Bacche! Hor.*

SINCE it is decreed by Fate,  
Friends must sever, soon or late ;  
Darkling to their Lodgings roam ;  
Stagger to their longest Home ;  
Of all Deities the best,  
*Bacchus !* hear a Son's Request !

Let me metamorphos'd be,  
Into some wide-spreading Tree ;  
In some pleasant flow'ry Glade,  
With my Branches form a Shade.  
Lovers there may bless my Boughs ;  
Toppers, merrily carouze.

When, mature and bulky grown,  
Thoughtless Swains shall hew me down ;  
May the Carver, friendly Soul !  
Form of me a curious Bowl.

### 36 POEMS on various Occasions.

On the large capacious Round,  
Somewhere let my Bust be found :  
That, when once the jovial Crew  
Shall my honest Visage view ;  
It may kindle fresh Desire,  
And a mighty Goût inspire.

Near it, be some Foliage strewn ;  
Foliage of the Vine alone.  
Let some little *Bacchus* join,  
Such as on a Country Sign.

But, with all this Art and Care,  
Be it large, as well as fair :  
Else, however neat, the Bowl  
Ne'er can please the thirsty Soul.

Let it, (if it can be so)  
Hold more, than it *seems* to do.  
Let it so capacious be,  
That it *seem* to hold a Sea !  
Thus may *Bacchus* hence remain  
Tyrant of the *lesser Main*.



POEMS on various Occasions. 37

Use the Refuse, I enjoin,  
For the Service of the Vine.  
Let my Boughs support the Tree,  
In its weakly Infancy.  
What remains, may be of Use  
To contain th'unripen'd Juice:  
Forming Burts, and all that may  
Profit, in the Topping way.

Thus may I be lov'd again  
By the Care-deceiving Train.  
'Tis my Study, Day and Night,  
'Tis my only Heart's Delight,  
How I may of Service be  
To my Dear Fraternity.  
Whilst I live — I'll do my best:  
*Bacchus* grant, O grant the rest! —



To

To Mr. POPE,

ON

*His* DUNCIAD.

*Urit enim fulgore suo --- Hor.*

**F**Ain wou'd successless *Folly* blame  
 Thy matchless Works, and thee ;  
 And *Envy* labours to defame  
 The Charms, she grieves to see :

Merit, like thine, by these beset,  
 May bless their dull Designs ;  
 The sparkling Di'mond fixt in Jet,  
 With added Lustre shines.

O! *Pope*, each friend kind Heav'n bestows;  
 That can thy Fame increase:  
 Next them, thrice happy in the Foes,  
 'Twere ev'n Disgrace to please !

With

POEMS on various Occasions. 39

With puny Wit, and Spite profound,

The Tribe its Shame pursues;

As Bees, to dart a trivial Wound,

Their little Lives would lose.

'Tis theirs, with Self-condemning guilt,

To level harmless Sneers:

'Tis thine, like *Phæbus*, where thou wilt,

To fix the *Aff's* Ears.



EVE'S

EVE's Speech in *Milton*,  
upon her Expulsion out of  
PARADISE.

O Mournful Message! such transcendent Pain  
Not Death cou'd give, nor Expectation feign!  
Must I then leave these blissful Walks, and Bow'rs,  
My teeming Fruit-trees, and my rip'ning Flow'rs?  
Each verdant Lawn, and each delightful Grove,  
Where I was wont, where Gods might chuse, to  
rove?

Those Pines, and Cedars, which luxuriant rise,  
And each fair Object that first met these Eyes?  
Yet here I hop'd to watch the *springing* Train;  
Here sooth my Fate, and mitigate my Pain;  
And here, abandon'd Wretch! at least, to know  
A lazy Grief, an Indolence of Woe. —

Ye Flow'rs whose nicer Frame, whose subtile Veins  
Refuse the Moisture of less fertile Plains!  
Ye Plants, which in no vulgar Soil can rise;  
Or bear the Impulse of inclement Skies!

Wh

POEMS on various Occasions. 41

Who now, with glad'ning Streams, your Shoots  
shall raise;

Or lead, to wanton in the solar Blaze?

Who teach your Tints the kindly'st Change to know,

And, by a just succession, doubly glow?

To each your Names my early Fancy gave;

And strove, from Fate, your Embryo-leaves to save.

To you, at Ev'n I strict attendance paid;

To you, in cool of early Dawn, I stray'd.

Adieu, frail *Beauty's*! doom'd no more to share

My Ev'ning's Labour, or my Morning's Care!

And O my blissful Home! my nuptial Bow'r!

Dear conscious Scene of many a tender Hour!

Thee to adorn, I cull'd, with pleasing Toil,

The fairest Produce of the choicest Soil:

Round thee, the *Vi'let* blows, the *Myrtle* blooms,

The *Jasmine* twines, — to lavish soft Perfumes:

There breaths the *Rose*; and, in sweet Streams, distill

The lovely Languor's of the faint *Jonquill*.

How shall I then thy fragrant Shelter change,

O'er dreary Wilds, and unknown Scenes to range?

How leave this purer Air, these Fruits sublime,

For the gross Product of a coarser Clime?

Where Earth and Air refuse such soft Supplies:

Ungrateful Desarts, and unfriendly Skies!

How shall I part!

G

JU.



## JUDITH's SONG.

**T**hen, fir'd with Zeal, the Warriour Dame  
began,

And thro' applauding Crouds her Accents ran.

Ye rescu'd Throngs! your tuneful Tribute bring,  
Raise the faint Voice, and sweep the slighted *String*;  
Your various Arts, in loftiest Strains, display ;

A Theme like mine requires no vulgar Lay ;

HE is my Theme, whose great Commands prevail,

When Courage, Vigour, Art and Numbers fail ;

At whose resistless Voice unfinew'd, yield

The well-try'd Army, and well-marshall'd Field :

Led by whose Hand, a safe Retreat I found,

Tho' Nations rag'd, tho' Millions storm'd around.

From northern Mountains, a stupendous Throng

Of conqu'ring Troops, proud *Affur* trail'd along :

Whence, Torrents stop'd forsook their wonted Shore,

And, bright with Arms, our Hills look'd green no  
more.

Inflam'd with Rage, with airy Projects vain,

He threaten'd Seas of Blood, and Hills of Slain,

That Flames should ravage, where the Sword shou'd  
spare,

Nor Age, nor Sex redeem the *Young* or *Fair* :

The

POEMS on various Occasions. 43

The Babe shou'd stain, with harmless Blood, the  
Sands,

Torn from the Mother's Breast, and trembling Hands,

Not the soft Maid his harden'd Breast shou'd move,

Too fierce for Pity, as too rude for Love.

Yet cou'd our God, his boasted Pow'r disarm,

Give manly Fury to a Female Arm !

Not sanguine Youth, nor tall Gigantick Might,

Fell'd the dire Tyrant in a dubious Fight :

Throughout his Camp, no hostile Fires there flew,

No Poison rag'd, nor missive Jav'lin flew :

'Twas Love's soft Flame, (and who cou'd Love  
controul ?)

'Twas Beauty's Darts, o'ercame his yielding Soul,

'Twas *Judith's* Face---She left her gloomy Veil,

While envious Custom wou'd her Charms conceal :

Her sparkling Eyes, with Tears familiar grown,

She gayly taught, an Office long unknown :

Chearful She laid her sable Weeds aside,

And, tho' She shone, She shone for *Israel's* Pride :

She bade her Robe wave wanton with the Wind,

Within the Purple Tyre her Locks confin'd,

Enslav'd the Tyrant with the circling Toy,

And taught the silken Texture to destroy ;

# 44 POEMS on various Occasions:

Her well-plac'd Gems, his fault'ring Soul o'erthrew,  
 Her Charms disarm'd him, and her Faulchion flew.  
 The desp'rate Scene of Death, her Hands display'd,  
 Lost in Amaze, the *Persian* Chiefs survey'd;  
 Chili'd with cold Fear the softer *Mede* beheld:  
 Yet own'd her Courage, as her Charms, excell'd.  
 From either Camp shrill Clamours pierc'd the Sky,  
 The Shrieks of Sorrow, and the Shouts of Joy:  
 Here, the gay Sounds of mirthful Bands were known,  
 There, the wild Horrors of an Host o'er-thrown.

Stretch'd on the Plain the slaughter'd Victims lie,  
 Who impious dar'd JEHOVAH's Aid defy.  
 'Twas HE alone their haughty Rage cou'd quell,  
 By HIM the Victors fought, the vanquish'd fell:  
 They fought, by HIM, with ev'ry Pow'r endu'd,  
 Force, when they struck, and Speed, when they  
 pursu'd.

HIS Praises let me sing, whose might divine  
 No Pow'r can limit, and no Tongue define!  
 Be HE by Age ador'd, ador'd by Youth,  
 Whose Works are wonders, and whose Words are  
 Truth!

HE spake---the Dust an human Form receiv'd:  
 HE breath'd---that human Form respir'd and liv'd.

Who

## POEMS on various Occasions. 45

Who shall, great God! THY sov'reign Will restrain?  
Man, Dust, or Nothing, as THY Words ordain!

Tho' Earth's Foundations at THY sight give Place;  
Tho' deep-fix'd Mountains skip before THY Face;  
Quick at THY Breath tho' flinty Rocks decay,  
And flow, like Wax, in liquid Folds away:  
Yet gentle Mercy, to THY People shewn,  
Endears THY Sway, and gilds THY awful Throne:  
And, on the pious Suppliant, pleas'd to shine,  
Protects him, fearless 'midst a Pow'r like THINE.

What tho' with Gums, our Altars smoke in vain,  
The Fumes of Incense, and the Fat of slain;  
Tho' Worship's Pomp THOU can'st regardless see,  
And Earth's rich Fragrance breaths no sweets to THEE:  
Bliss still succeeds, when righteous Hands revere,  
The Mind untainted, and the Heart sincere.

Peace to all such! but who with impious Arms,  
Against THY Israel raise unjust Alarms,<sup>1</sup>  
Shall feel THY Angel with unpitying Hand,  
Scatter Disease, and Tortures thro' the Land:  
Nor e'er returning Peace their spirits chear,  
Raise the sad Heart, or stay the falling Tear.

*The*

*The* TEA-TABLE.

WHEN last I saw the lovely Maid,  
 'Twas near the Noon of Day;  
 When rising Nymphs their Fancy aid  
 With Scandal --- and *Bohea*.

The pictur'd *Urn* an equal Share  
 Diffus'd, to all around:  
 O! that in ev'ry *Court* there were  
 But Half the Justice found!

Sudden the melting *Sweet* subsides,  
 Like *Zembla's* Hills of Snow;  
 When from the Heav'ns descending Tides  
 Their glitt'ring Tops o'er-flow.

The curling Steams, around the Place  
 Exhale a *nice* perfume:  
 And, from *Selinda's* beauteous Face,  
 Call forth celestial Bloom.

And



POEMS on various Occasions. 47

And cou'd, alas! destructive prove,  
A Nymph, so form'd to please;  
So like some new-born *Queen of Love*,  
Amidst her infant Seas?

From *Bacchus*, sprightly Cups our Thoughts  
A careless Pleasure share:  
Ah! why shou'd *Cytherea's* Draughts  
Refine the Soul to Care?

Yet thence, I felt my Pangs renew,  
My Bloom, my Life decay:  
And, like the gentle *Herb's* I drew,  
My Spirits sink away.

Whoe'er, from bright *Selinda's* Hand,  
The fatal Gift obtain'd,  
Have since, expos'd to her Command,  
Ten thousand Woes sustain'd.

Sure, if Enchantresses there are,  
Whom tortur'd Hearts obey,  
Such only are the *blooming* Fair,  
The only *Philtre*, Tea.

IN-

*The* TEA-TABLE.

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Such only are the *blooming* Fair,  
The only *Philtre*, Tea.

And

I N-

INSCRIPTION.

To the Memory  
Of *A. L.* Esquire,  
Justice of the Peace for this County:  
Who, in the whole Course of his Pilgrimage  
Thro' a trifling ridiculous World,  
Maintaining his proper Dignity,  
Notwithstanding the Scoffs of Ill-dispos'd Persons,  
And Wits of the Age,  
That ridicul'd his Behaviour,  
Or censur'd his Breeding;  
Following the *Dictates* of *Nature*,  
Desiring to *ease* the *afflicted*,  
Eager to set the *Prisoner* at Liberty,  
Without having for his End  
The *Noise*, or *Report* such Things generally cause  
In the World,  
(As he was *seen* to perform them of none)  
But the sole Relief and Happiness,  
Of the *Party* in *distress*;

Him-

POEMS on various Occasions. 49

Himself resting *Easy*,  
When He cou'd render *that* so ;  
Not *gripping*, or *pinching* himself,  
To hoard up *Superfluities* ;  
Not coveting to keep in his Possession  
What gives more *Disquietude*, than *Pleasure* ;  
But charitably *diffusing* it  
To all round about him ;  
Making the most sorrowful Countenance  
To *Smile*,  
In his Presence ;  
Always *bestowing* more than he was ask'd,  
Always *imparting* before he was desir'd ;  
Not Proceeding in this Manner,  
Upon every *trivial suggestion*,  
But the most mature, and solemn Deliberation ;  
With an incredible Presence, and undauntedness  
Of Mind ;  
With an inimitable Gravity and Economy  
Of Face ;  
Bidding *loud defiance*  
To Politeness and the Fashion,  
Dar'd let a F — t,

H

To



To *SELINDA* Sailing.

SEE, my *Selinda*, how the Groves  
Deceive th' ill-judging Eye!  
And, as the Boat more nimbly moves,  
More swiftly seem to fly.

So to your Slave with Speed runs on  
The Day, when you are near;  
But O! how tedious, when you're gone,  
The ling'ring Hours appear!

What secret Cause, *Selinda*, trace,  
Can such Deceit impart: —  
The Hours have sure an equal Pace,  
But ah! — not so my Heart.



To SELINDA.

An Apology for having celebrated Others.

PLATO, who to Perfection brought,  
And made of gentle Love a *Duty*,  
Wife *Plato's* Rules have gravely taught  
To scale by Steps to perfect Beauty.

II.

Long had I strove, with equal Care,  
In thought some perfect *Form* to find;  
I stole a Grace from ev'ry *Fair*,  
To deck the *Charmer* in my Mind.

III.

Guiltless of Love! 'Twas hence I fought  
To praise the *Sex* with nicer Art:  
Resolv'd, the *Form* my *Fancy* wrought  
Alone, when found, shou'd move my Heart.

52 POEMS on various Occasions.

IV.

From ev'ry *fragrant Beauty* known  
The Bees thus furnish out their Hive;  
To None confin'd; intent alone  
On the *rich compound*, they contrive.

V.

Like *Mancha's Knight*, I form'd a *Fair*,  
My Prowess in her Cause to shew:  
Nor guess'd a *real Nymph* cou'd share,  
Much less, engross my Heart, like YOU.

VI.

Hence then, *Selinda*, you'll discover,  
(If not, the sprightlier *Muse* may shew it,)  
That *then* the *Poet* made the *Lover*;  
As *now*, the *Lover* makes the *Poet*.



CUPID.

## CUPID *and* PLUTUS.

When *Celia*, Love's eternal Foe,  
 To rich old *Gomez* first was marry'd ;  
 And angry *Cupid* came to know,  
 His Shafts had err'd, his Bow mis-carry'd ;

### II.

He sigh'd, he wept, he hung his Head,  
 On the cold Ground, full sad, he laid him ;  
 When *Plutus*, there by Fortune led,  
 In this desponding Plight survey'd him.

### III.

And sure, he cry'd, you'll own at last  
 Your boasted Pow'r by mine exceeded :  
 Say, wretched Boy, now all is past,  
 How little She your Efforts heeded.

### IV.

If with Success you wou'd assail,  
 Gild, *Youngster*, doubly gild your Arrows :  
 Little the feather'd Shafts avail,  
 Tho' wing'd from *Mamma's* Doves and Sparrows.

What

54 POEMS on various Occasions,

V.

What tho' each Reed, each Arrow grew,  
, Where *Venus* bath'd herself; depend on't,  
Twere more for Use, for Beauty too,  
A Di'mond sparkled at the End on't;

VI.

Peace, *Plutus*, Peace! — the Boy reply'd;  
Were not my Arts by your's infested,  
I cou'd each other Pow'r deride,  
And rule this Circle, unmolested.

VII.

See yonder Pair! no worldly views  
In *Chloe's* gen'rous Breast resided:  
Love bade her the spruce Valet chuse,  
And she by potent Love was guided.

VIII.

For this! she quits her golden Dreams,  
In her gilt Coach no more she ranges;  
And her rich Crimson, bright with Gems,  
For Cheeks impearl'd with Tears, she Changes.

IX.

Tho' sordid *Celia* own'd your Pow'r,  
Think not so monstrous my disgrace is:  
You gain'd this Nymph — that very Hour,  
I gain'd a Score in diff'rent Places.

Writ.



Written under a LADY'S  
Name on a Window.

**T**hree Brilliants fair *Selinda* grac'd ;  
(There *Love's* Artill'ry lies ;)  
One from her snowy Finger blaz'd ;  
Two sparkled in her Eyes.

The *first*, which shone with fainter Rays,  
Cou'd *here* her Name impart :  
The *others* drew her charming Face  
More deeply, on *my* Heart.



The

## The SNUFF-BOX.

**I**mmortal *Parnel* has divinely sung,  
 How from the plastic Hand *Pandora* sprung. ----  
 The Deities consulting join'd their Care  
 To grace with all their Arts the rising *Fair* :  
 By ev'ry God some Blessing was bestow'd ;  
 From each bright Goddess some Perfection flow'd :  
 Ambitious *those*, to form the Pattern well ;  
*These*, each to view her Attribute excell.  
*Venus*, elate with hourly Conquest grown,  
 Jealous of Gifts that might Transcend her own,  
 Extending far the Pow'rs of Air and Mien,  
 Just form'd a Goddess, where she meant a Queen :  
 Yet saw each Grace in such Perfection join,  
 That, with *distinguish'd* Lustre, none cou'd shine ;  
 Like Jewels, each reflecting various Rays,  
 Their Colours diff'rent, but alike their Blaze.

Thus shone *Selinda*, when, with matchless Pow'r,  
 To all around the *polish'd Box* she bore.  
 Love sure had there his *treasur'd Ills* confin'd,  
 And to the Nymph the *fatal Gift* consign'd :

That

POEMS on various Occasions. 57

That thence *his* Snares, conceal'd in *pungent* grains,  
Might to soft Hearts convey *his* pleasing Pains.  
With ev'ry *share* she dealt a latent Wound,  
While in my Breast superiour Pangs I found.

O wou'd the *Fair* that *glitt'ring* Toy impart,  
And ease the Anguish of a wounded Heart!  
For in that *radiant* Mansion Hope remains,  
And who acquires the *first*, the *last* obtains.



I

The

## The ENCHANTRESS.

### *Anacreontick.*

CUPID, on a Summer's Day,  
 On the flow'ry Herbage lay;  
 Underneath the myrtle Shade,  
 Musing on the am'rous Trade.  
 Round him, in Disorder strewn,  
 All his warlike Stores were thrown:  
 Little Spears, and subtle Darts,  
 Such as pierce the softest Hearts.  
 Such to grace their *Piece* or *Strain*  
 Painters *draw* or Poets *feign*.

Hail, he cry'd, my fav'rite Seats!  
 Pleasing Grooms! and soft Retreats!  
 Deck'd with all that's *sweet* or *fair*!  
 Pleasures, which I seldom share!  
 Other Deities are blest,  
 They have each their time of Rest;  
 But the time I never knew,  
 When I had not — What to do.

From

POEMS on various Occasions. 59

From this End o'th World to t'other,  
Mamma bids me make a Pother ;  
Or She reaches down the Rod,  
Cause I am but tiny God —

From these Cares to set me free,  
I'll create a Deputy.

In fair *Albion* Isle renown'd,  
Is a certain Lady found,  
Furnish'd well with ev'ry Grace,  
That adorns my Mother's Face.  
Then her Eyes! no Rivals know :  
None — but what her Glass can shew.

*They* supply the distant Sun,  
Have more Hearts, than I, undone.

*Phæbus* ne'er approaches nigh,  
Since She can his Pow'r supply ;  
*Phæbus* will not ; why shou'd I ?

Yet to make her Pow'r divine,  
And the more resemble mine,

I'll a share of Darts consign.  
She their Business understands,  
She shall take it of my Hands —

Full of's Errand up he rose,  
In a Trice to *Silvia* goes.

I a

Quick



60 POEMS on various Occasions.

Quick his Pinions beat on high,  
 As the Lark's that scales the Sky,  
 As my Heart, when *Silvia's* nigh.  
 Thus, assur'd he must prevail,  
 (Pow'r's a Gift that ne'er can fail)  
 Thrice he raps — then tells his Tale.

Here my Muse must change the strain,  
 Female Fury to explain,  
 Terms abrupt, and broken Lays  
 Best will suit the *Scolding* Phrase.  
 — Pray, Sir *Cupid*, let me know,  
 Can I wield your filthy Bow ?  
 Can I — O ye odious Boy !  
 Your rough Implements employ ? —  
 I'm no *Amazon*, nor can  
 Act the Wonders — of a Man —  
 Go — fantastick Witling — pray go —  
 Whence you came — I'm no *Virago* —  
*These*, he cry'd (with Aspect sour, )  
 Keep, in ev'ry Shape, their Pow'r.  
 So you wo'nt the Gift refuse,  
 Be they — e'en whate'er you chuse.  
 The *Points* may form ye — *Jove* knows what —  
 The *Points* are Gold — fair Maid — mind that.

Speak

POEMS on various Occasions. 61

Speak the word, the *wanton* cries,  
Hence a Snuff-box shall arise :  
Then the Feather, plac'd with Care,  
May Demolish — from your Hair :  
And the *Sticks* — while Ten is counting —  
Form ye *Fan-sticks* — fit for mounting.  
Not Mamma — I needs must tell ye —  
Can in guiding these, excell ye ;  
Which conducted by your Art,  
Shall a surer Fate Impart,  
Than they cou'd, whence once a Dart —  
Agreed ! 'twas done — ye Beaus beware  
Of whate'er surrounds the Fair !  
Who knows what, to please the Dame,  
*Cupid's* other Darts became ? —  
'Tis a Hazard, I aver,  
*To receive a Pin of Her.*



*Je.*

*Je-ne-scai-quoi.*

In Imitation of L<sup>d</sup> Rochester's  
POEM upon *Nothing*.

**Y**E Sages all! no longer vainly try  
To each perplexing Doubt to make reply,  
But justly solve it with a *Je-ne-scai-quoi*.

II.

Dear happy *Phrase*, to ancient Times unknown!  
*Substantial Forms* have long usurp'd thy Throne,  
And *subtle Matter* reign'd, with Glory not its own.

III.

When Reason's *Optics* can no farther see,  
Then Fancy's only must of Service be,  
And Fancy's airy Schemes unite at last in *Thee*.

IV.

O'er upper Worlds exulting *Sophist's* roam,  
Till, where they first set out, at last they come;  
And reck'ning up their Gains find *thee* the total Sum.

POEMS on various Occasions. 63

V.

Unnumber'd Folio's, big with Wit's Pretence,  
Giants in Stature, but mere Dwarfs in Sense,  
Such Knowledge only yield, as *thou* could'st best  
dispense.

VI.

Ah! wou'd *thy* Friends confess *thy* gentler Sway,  
Their *Iliads* vast a Nut-shell might convey;  
Their Long heroick strains might shrink to *Namby's*  
Lay.

VII.

What's Wit, the wise Man's Scorn, the Poet's Pride,  
By those whose wants are greatest, most enjoy'd?  
Some-thing to Madness much, and more to *thee*  
ally'd.

VIII.

*Thou* under various Names art still the same,  
The Quaker's Light, the fiery Zealot's Aim,  
The Poet's fancy'd Muse, the Lover's fancy'd Flame.

IX.

Under *thy* Shield the Critick launches free,  
Discovers Charms which no one else can see,  
Or damns, triumphant when secur'd by *thee*.

64 POEMS on various Occasions.

X.

Beneath *thy* Guard the Envious Mind can trace  
A Secret Blemish in *Selinda's* Face ;  
Or in *Melantke's* Mien, the Lover find a Grace.

XI.

E'en Beauty's Charms thro' various Colours shewn,  
Diff'rent in each is still by some-thing Known,  
Some-thing, secure to please, express'd by *thee* alone.

XII.

The *Sceptick* strove *thy* gen'ral claim to shew,  
Disown'd by Moderns, yet from *thee* we know  
Their wild Debates arose, to *thee* at last must flow.

XIII.

What makes the *restless* flight his present Store ?  
What makes the *Miser* daily strive for more ?  
Wou'd they the Truth confess, they must confess  
*thy* Pow'r.

XIV.

However stor'd with Good, or void of Ill  
Our Lives appear ; yet *thou* art wanting still,  
To mend the tasteless Draught, to gild th' unsightly  
Pill.

V E R



VERSES *to a* LADY.

Together with some Colour'd  
Patterns of *Flowers*.

MADAM!

**T**H O' rude the Draughts, tho' artless seem the  
Lines,

From one unskill'd in Verse, or in *Designs*;

Oft' has *Good-Nature* been the Fool's Defence,

And *honest Meaning* gilded Want of Sense.

Fear not, tho' Flow'rs and Beauty grace my Lay,  
To praise one Fair, *another* shall decay.

No *Lilly*, bright with painted Foliage, here,

Shall only languish, when *Selinda's* near:

A Fate revers'd no smiling *Rose* shall know,

Nor with reflected Lustre doubly glow —

Praises, which languish, when apply'd to You,

Where flattering Schemes seem obviously true.

Yet sure your *Sex* is near to Flow'rs ally'd,

Alike in Softness, and alike in Pride:

## 66 POEMS on various Occasions.

Foes to retreat, and ever fond to shine,  
 Both rush to Danger, and the Shades decline;  
 Expos'd, the short-liv'd Pageants of a Day,  
 To painted Flies, or glitt'ring Fops a Prey:  
 Chang'd with each Wind, nor one short Day the same,  
 Each clouded Sky affects their tender Frame.  
 In glaring *Chloe's* man-like Taste and Mien,  
 Are the gross splendors of the *Tulip* seen:  
 Distant they strike, inelegantly gay,  
 To the near View no pleasing Charms display.  
 To form the Nymph a vulgar Wit must join,  
 As coarser Soils will most the Flow'r refine.  
*Ophelia's* Beauties let the *Jasmine* paint,  
 Too faintly soft, too nicely elegant.  
 Around, with seeming Sanctity, endu'd,  
 The *Passion-flow'r* may best express the Prude.  
 Like the gay *Rose*, too rigid *Silvia* shines,  
 While, like it's guardian Thorn, her Virtue joins.  
 Happy the Nymph! from all their Failures free,  
 Happy the Nymph! in whom their Charms agree.  
 Faint *these Productions*, till you bid disclose,  
 The *Pink* new Splendors, and fresh Tints the *Rose*:  
 And yet condemn not trivial Draughts like these,  
 Form'd to improve, and make ev'n Trifles please.

# POEMS on various Occasions. 67

A Pow'r like Your's minuter Beauties warms,  
And yet can blast the most aspiring Charms :  
Thus at the Rays whence other Objects shine,  
The Taper sickens, and it's Flames decline.  
When by your Art the purple *Violet* lives,  
And the pale *Lilly* sprightlier Charms receives :  
*Garters* to me shall glow inferiour far,  
And with less pleasing Lustre shine the *Star*.

Let serious Triflers, fond of Wealth or Fame,  
On Toils, like these, bestow too soft a Name ;  
Each gentler Art with wise Indiff'rence view,  
And scorn one Trifle, millions to pursue :  
More artful I, their specious Schemes deride,  
Fond to please you, by you in these employ'd ;  
A nobler Task, or more sublime Desire  
Ambition ne'er cou'd form, nor Pride inspire :

The Sweets of tranquil Life, and rural Ease  
Amuse securely, nor less justly please.  
Where gentle *Pleasure* shews her milder Pow'r,  
Or blooms in Fruit, or sparkles in the Flow'r ;  
Smiles in the Groves, the raptur'd Poet's Theme,  
Flows in the Brook, his *Naiad* of the Stream ;  
Dawns, with each happier Stroke the Pencil gives,  
And, in each livelier Image, smiling lives ;

## 68 POEMS on various Occasions.

Is heard, when *Silvia* strikes the warbling Strings,  
*Selinda* speaks, or *Philomela* sings :

Breaths with the Morn ; attends, propitious Maid,  
The ev'ning Ramble, and the noon-day Glade ;  
Some visionary Fair she cheats our View,  
Then only vig'rous, when she's seen like You.

Yet Nature some for sprightlier Joys design'd,  
For brighter Scenes, with nicer Care, refin'd.  
When the gay Jewel radiant Streams supplies,  
And vivid Brilliants meet your brighter Eyes ;  
When Dress and Pomp around the Fancy play,  
By Fortune's dazzling Beauties born away :  
When Theatres for you the Scenes forego,  
And the Box bows, obsequiously low :  
How dull the Plan which Indolence has drawn,  
The mossy Grotto, or the flow'ry Lawn !  
Tho' roseate Scents in ev'ry Wind exhale,  
And silvan Warblers charm in ev'ry Gale.

Of these be HER'S the Choice, whom all approve,  
And whom, but those who envy, all must love :  
By Nature model'd, by Experience taught,  
To know, and pity ev'ry female Fault :

Pleas'd

POEMS on various Occasions. 69

Pleas'd ev'n to hear her Sex's Virtues shewn,  
And blind to none's Perfections, but her own :  
Whilst, humble Fair ! of *these* too few she knows,  
Yet owns too many for the World's Repose:  
From Wit's wild Petulance serenely free,  
Yet blest in all that Nature can decree,  
Not like a Fire, which, whilst it burns, alarms ;  
A modest Flame, that gently shines and warms :  
Whose Mind, in ev'ry Light, can Charms display,  
With Wisdom serious, and with Humour gay ;  
Just as her Eyes in each bright Posture warm,  
And fiercely strike, or languishingly charm :  
Such are your Honours — mention'd to your Cost,  
Those least can hear them, who deserve them most :  
Yet ah ! forgive — the less inventive Muse,  
If e'er she sing, a copious Theme must chuse.

HARBOROUGH.

October 7<sup>th</sup>, 1736.





